

____Nicholas Arthur____
KILBURN

MEMORIAL CONCERT SERIES

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Presenting

Louis Quilico, baritone

with

Christina Petrowska, piano

Saturday, October 28, 1995 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

University of Alberta

Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Memorial Concert Series

In 1980, Peter Kilburn gave a large sum of money to the Department for the purpose of initiating the Nicholas Arthur Kilburn Concerts, a series of free concerts by world renowned artists. Over the years, he contributed even more money, wisdom and guidance to the project, to the point that now the fund provides not only for the yearly N.A.K. Concert, but also supports a series of six to eight concerts yearly given by Faculty and friends here at the University.

The name of Kilburn at this University stands for generosity, vision and dedication to excellence in music performance, and is responsible in no small measure for the reputation the Department of Music enjoys across the country.

This series of annual concerts is organized in memory of Nicholas Arthur Kilburn (1875-1931), a former member of the University of Alberta Board of Governors, by his sons the late Nicholas Weldon and Peter (BA, University of Alberta, 1929). Louis Quilico's and Christina Petrowska's presence here tonight is made possible by the generosity of the Kilburn family.

- 1981: Jorge Bolet, pianist
- 1982: (spring) York Winds
- 1982: (fall) Vancouver Chamber Choir
- 1983: Shura Cherkassky, pianist
- 1984: Guy Fallot, cellist
- 1985: Elly Ameling, soprano
- 1986: Eugene Istomin, pianist
- 1987: Franco Gulli, violinist
- 1988: Maureen Forrester, contralto
- 1989: Marek Jablonski, pianist
- 1990: Joseph Swensen, violinist
- 1991: Kaaren Erickson, soprano
- 1992: Detlef Kraus, pianist
- 1993: Ofra Harnoy, cellist
- 1994: Heinz Holliger, oboist

Program

Deh vieni alla Finestra (*Don Giovanni*)
Madamina! Il catalogo è questo (*Don Giovanni*)
Vedrò mentr'io sospiro (*Marriage of Figaro*)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(1756-1791)

Reminiscences of *Lucia di Lammermoor*
(Piano Solo)

Gaetano Donizetti/Franz Liszt
(1797-1848/1811-1886)

Du Prince Igor (*Prince Igor*)

Alexander Borodin
(12833-1887)

O du mein holder Abendstern (*Tannhäuser*)

Richard Wagner
(1813-1883)

Intermission

Eri tu (*Un Ballo in Maschera*)

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Concert Paraphrase on *Rigoletto*
(Piano Solo)

Giuseppe Verdi/Franz Liszt

Cortigiani, vil razza dannata (*Rigoletto*)
Vanne; la tua meta già vedo [Credo] (*Otello*)

Giuseppe Verdi

Non t'amo piu
L'Alba separa dalla luce l'ombra

Francesco Paolo Tosti
(1846-1916)

Louis Quilico appears through the courtesy of
Ann Summers International.

Translations

Deh Vieni alla Finestra/Ah, Come to-the Window

Ah, come to the window, O my treasure,
ah, come to console my sorrow.
If you deny to me to give some comfort,
I'll die before your eyes.
You that have a mouth sweeter than honey,
you whose heart is made of sugar,
(do) not be, joy my, with me cruel,
let yourself at least be seen, my beautiful love.

Madamina! Il Catalogo E Questo/Little lady! The catalog is this

Little lady! The catalog is this,
of the beautiful ones that my master loved!
It is a catalog that I have made;
observe, read with me!
In Italy six hundred and forty,
in Germany two hundred thirty-one;
(a) hundred in France, in Turkey ninety-one,
but, but in Spain, there are already (a) thousand
and three!
There are among [these] (them) country-girls,
there are countesses, baronesses, marchionesses,
princesses,
and there are ladies of every class,
of every figure, of every age.
With blondes, he has the habit of praising the
gentility...
With brunettes, the constancy; with pale ones the
sweetness!
He wants in winter the fat one,
he wants in summer the lean one;
and the tall, majestic one;
the little one, always delicate.
Of the old ones he makes conquest
for (the) pleasure of putting them on the list:
his prevailing passion is the young beginner
it doesn't matter if she is rich,
if she is ugly, if she is beautiful!
Provided that she wears the skirt,
you know that which he does!

Vedrò mentr'io sospiro/Shall I see, while-I sigh
You have already won the suit! (What) [thing]
do I hear?

In what snare did I fall? Perfidious ones!
How I will punish you!
to pleasure my the sentence will be.
But if he might pay the old claimant?
Pay her! How can he?
And then there is Antonio who to the unknown
Figaro
refuses to give [a] (his) niece in matrimony.
Exploiting the pride of the idiot...
all is-useful to [a] (my) scheme... I have decided!

Aria:

Shall I see, while I sigh, happy a servant (of)
mine?
And must he possess something that I in vain
desire?
Shall I see by (the) hand of love united to a vile
object
she who awoke a desire in me that she does not
return?
Ah, no! I do not wish to leave this happiness for
you,
you not were born, audacious one, to give to me
torment,
and perhaps yet to laugh [of] (at) my
unhappiness.
Already only the hope of vengeance
consoles my soul and makes me rejoice.

Du Prince Igor/You Prince Igor

Neither sleep nor rest for my tormented soul,
the night sends me no comfort nor oblivion.
Alone in the silence of the night I re-live
anew the past—the threat of God's portent, the
merry feast of warlike glory, my victory over the
enemy, and the fateful end of martial glory:
Defeat, wounds, my capture and the fate of all
my soldiers who laid down their lives honorably
for their country.
Everything had perished, my honor and glory;
I have become a disgrace to my country.
Shameful captivity is my fate from henceforth
and the thought that I am blamed by all.
O give me, give me my freedom,

Du Prince Igor/You Prince Igor (continued)

I am able to expiate my shame;
I will redeem my honor and glory
and save Russia from her enemy.
Only you, my darling wife,
only you will not accuse me,
your sensitive heart understands all,
you will forgive me everything.
High up in your room
you look out into the distance
and await your husband day and night,
bitterly weeping the while.
Must I really spend fruitlessly
day after day in captivity
knowing that the enemy is ravaging Russia?
The enemy is like a fierce tiger
and Russia groans in its mighty claws,
and for this she lays the blame on me.
O give, give me my freedom
I am able to expiate my shame
and will save Russia from the enemy!
Neither sleep nor rest for my tormented soul
The night sends me no comfort nor oblivion.
Alone in the silence of the night I re-live
anew the past, and there is no escape for me.
O bitter, bitter is my fate.

O du mein holder Abendstern/Oh you my lovely evening star

Oh you my lovely evening star
Like foreboding of death twilight covers the
lands;
wraps up the valley with blackish gown,
the soul, which for those heights longs,
is frightened before its flight through night and
horror
There you shine
your soft light send you to the distance,
the nightly twilight is divided by your dear beam
and friendly show you the path from the valley.
Oh you my lovely evening star,
[indeed] greet I always you so willingly;
from the heart, which her never betrayed,
(Elisabeth)
greet her, when she passes you by,
when she flies from the valley of the earth,
a blessed angel there to become.

Eri Tu/Get Up!

Recitative:
Get up! There is your son!
I permit you to see him again.
In the darkness and in the silence
Hide your blushes and my shame.
It is not on his delicate breast that I must strike.
Your blood must wipe away the injury
and the dagger will draw the blood from your
traitorous heart,
the avenger of my tears!

Aria:

It was you that stained that soul,
the delight of my soul;
I trusted you, and with one abominable stroke
you poison the universe for me!
Who rewards in such a manner
the faith of your foremost friend!!
O sweetness lost!
O memories of an embrace that defies the being
when Amelia, so beautiful, so pure,
shone with love on my breast!
It is finished..there remains only hate
and the death in the widowed heart.

Cortigiani, vil razza dannata//Courtiers, vile damned race

Recitative:
Yes, my daughter, at such a victory...
What?...you do not laugh?
She is there...I want her..
You will give her back!

Aria:

Courtiers, vile damned race,
for what price did you sell my happiness?
There is nothing you would not do for money!
But my daughter is a priceless treasure.
Give her back...or, even if unarmed,
this hand will be bloody for you;
the man fears nothing on earth any longer,
if he defends his children's honor.
That door, assassins, open the door to me!
Ah, you all...against me...come! Ah!
Very well, I weep...Marullo...my lord...
you that has a soul as gentle as the heart,

Cortigiani, vil razza dannata/Courtiers, vile damned race (continued)

tell me, where have they hidden her?
She is there? Is it not so? You are silent! Alas!
My lords...forgive, have pity...
Give back the daughter to the old man...
Now it costs you nothing to give her back,
She is all the world to me.
Lords, pardon, pardon, pity!
Give me back my daughter;
pity, lords, pity!

Vanne; La tua meta gia vedo/Go; I already see your goal (Credo)

Go; I already see your goal.
The demon spurs you on, and I am your demon,
and mine drives me, the one that I believe in,
inexorable God!
I believe in a cruel God that has created me
like himself, and whom in my wrath I name.
From the vileness of a germ or of a vile atom I
am born.
I am wicked because I am a man;
and I feel the earth native in myself.
Yes, this is my creed!
I believe with a firm heart, just as the widow
in the temple believes, that the evil that I think
and that comes from me, I fulfill by my destiny.
I believe that the just man is a jesting actor
both with his face and with his heart, that all in
him is false;
tears, kisses, glances, sacrifice and honor.
And I believe the man to be jest of wicked fate,
from the germ of the candle to the worm of the
grave.
After so much derision comes death.
And then? Death is the end.
Heaven is an old idle story.

Non t'amo più!/Not you I love more!

Do you still remember the day we met;
do you still remember your promises?
Madly in love, I followed you, we loved,
and near to you I dreamed, madly in love.
I dreamed, happy, a chain of caresses
and kisses disappeared in heaven.
My fury lies in your words,
because your soul is made of ice.
Do you still remember it, do you still remember
it?

Now my faith, my immense desire,
no more are you my dream of love:
I cannot find your kisses; I do not think of you;
I dream of another ideal; no more do I love you.
In the dear days that we passed together,
I scattered your path with flowers.
You were the only hope of my heart,
you the only thought of my mind.
You have seen my praying, turning pale,
you have seen me crying before you.
To satisfy your desire I alone have given
my blood and my faith.

L'alba separa dalla luce l'ombra/The dawn separates from the light the shadow

The dawn separates shadow from light
and my voluptuousness from my desire.
O sweet stars, it's time to die.
A more divine love you remove from the
heavens.
Ardent eyes, oh never returning sad stars,
you die out uncorrupted!
I must die. I do not wish to see the day,
from my dream and from the night for love.
Hear me, o Night, in your maternal breast,
while the pallid earth bedews itself.
But from my blood the dawn is born
and from my brief dream the eternal sun.

This series of annual concerts was organized in memory of Nicholas Arthur Kilburn (1875-1931), a former member of the University of Alberta Board of Governors, by his sons, the late Nicholas Weldon and Peter (BA, University of Alberta, 1929). The series, established in 1981, has presented such performers as Elly Ameling, Maureen Forrester, Marek Jablonski, Ofra Harnoy and Heinz Holliger.

Louis Quilico, star of the Metropolitan Opera, has been acclaimed for his performances in the leading opera houses through the world and is seen regularly in "Live from the Met" telecasts on both continents, in more than a dozen roles. A native of Montreal, Louis Quilico is the recipient of the highest award granted by the Canadian Government: Companion of the Order of Canada, which is designated by C.C. following his name.

Recently at the Metropolitan Opera he has appeared in "Adriana Lecouvreur" and "Tosca". He also appeared in "The Barber of Seville" in Palm Beach and "Falstaff" in New Orleans. Most recently Mr Quilico gave joint recitals with his wife, concert pianist Christina Petrowska in Montreal's Place des Arts, and in Quebec City. They have appeared together several times on the French CBC Television Network. Mr Quilico is also featured in a new book "Opera Illustrated, An Artistic Odyssey" written and illustrated by his wife.

Further joint recitals have been given in Barrie and Winnipeg, where they have been recorded for the CBC program "Arts National". Most recently Mr Quilico appeared in "I Pagliacci" at the Metropolitan Opera, as "Rigoletto" in Ottawa, and in "The Barber of Seville" at the New Israeli Opera in Tel Aviv. This season Mr Quilico is appearing in "Un Ballo in Maschera" at the Metropolitan Opera.

The New York Times described **Christina Petrowska** as "a pianist of extraordinary talent...with a phenomenal ability to play the most difficult music cleanly". Born in Canada, Christina Petrowska made her New York debut at the age of 14, at which time the New York Times declared her a "promethean talent". She is a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music. Miss Petrowska has given world premieres of countless modern works written for her, including concertos by leading Canadian, American and European composers.

Her recordings include "Virtuoso Piano Music of Our Time" on the JLH label and the new Glenn Buhr Piano Concerto recorded with the Winnipeg Symphony for CBC SM5000 series. A new recording with her husband, baritone Louis Quilico, was released this summer. Recent performances include the SMCQ series in Montreal, the Grieg Piano Concerto with the Ottawa Symphony and several joint recitals with her husband. Miss Petrowska's new book, "Opera Illustrated, An Artistic Odyssey" is published by Captus Press.

